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## BEWARE OF OFFENSES.

Home-Talk by J. H. Noyes, W. C., Dec. 1, 1867.

CHRIST says: "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." I understand by the word *offense* in this saying, anything that goes to break the connection and fellowship between a believer and God, and also whatever goes to break the fellowship of believers with one another. If by any means a believer can be diverted from his faith and brought into a quarrel with God, or led into wrong-doing, so as to lose his justification and his sense of God's favor, there is an offense. So if two believers can be inflamed and embittered against each other, and a division created between them, there is an offense. An offense is a *stumble*, and whoever puts a stumbling-block in any body's way, causing a person to think evil of God, or of God's children, tempts him into an offense. It is the very essence and spirit of the devil to create offenses.

Our salvation and our everlasting heaven are to come by our harmony with God and with one another, so that offenses which interrupt that harmony are *damnation*. It is the business of God in saving us, to breed in us that good spirit of charity which neither gives nor takes offense, which "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." And it is the business of the devil to breed in us the opposite of charity; that is to say, jealousy, irritability, and all distempers which go to make it impossible for us to live in harmony with one another and with God.

In order to understand what Christ means by that terrible denunciation against the man who makes one of his little ones to offend, we must consider that God has an unchangeable, eternal purpose, and an out-going of his life and power in accordance with that purpose, to save these little ones. They are his *elect*, and it is not possible to break the central ultimate connection between him and them. Paul in speaking of certain apostates

says, "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." At the same time "offenses will come," and these elect will be tempted by bad fellowships and bad influences of persons and spirits into quarrel with God and with one another. Their external communication with their Father and his family will be broken, and nothing but the internal connection will hold. What is the result? Manifestly it is, that God, in order to save them, will have to destroy those who pervert and abuse them. So far then, as we ever become tools of the devil to introduce offenses, just so far we throw ourselves right across the path of God's jealousy and his lightning. He can't save his little ones without letting hell-fire upon us, if we pervert them or get between him and them. We must all take that lesson to ourselves. We can not assume, until God has told us so, that we are eternally saved; but we can assume that if we pervert others, we shall come under God's judgment. In some way or other we shall find this true, "Woe to that man [or woman] by whom the offense cometh." It seems to me that in some respects it is the most important prayer we can offer to God, that he will save us from being tempters, and from causing Christ's little ones to offend. For really that is praying to be saved from having the mill-stone about our necks that will cast us into hell.

I don't know as there would be any such thing as what we call the wrath of God against the wicked, and against the devil himself, if it were not for this principle. If the devil and wicked men would let God's children alone, and mind their own business, I don't think he would trouble them. They would trouble themselves of course; "there is no peace to the wicked:" but I don't think there would be any such thing as wrath from God against them, if they would let his children alone. But in getting mixed up with God's children and causing them to offend, the devil and wicked men get into a place where God's jealousy bursts out against them. I believe the wrath of God is nothing but his love of his children, working against those who pervert and abuse them—which is an inevitable result. It will be very easy for us in one sense to flee and escape the wrath of God. We know just where to go and what to do, to get out of the wrath of God. We must see to it that we are not perverters and corrupters—that we don't cause any body to offend.

People may cause offenses and get into the wrath of God to a certain extent, and yet be

only the tools that the devil uses, and so may finally be forgiven. You will see among the disciples just before the crucifixion, that terrible offenses came in, and you can hardly tell which was the most wicked, Peter or Judas, by the way they acted; and yet there was a difference. The probability is, that Judas was the medium through which all the rest were perverted and corrupted at that time. They all of them perverted and corrupted one another under the influence of his spirit, and in one sense the wrath of God was upon them all at that time.

Then look at Paul's case when he was a persecutor. He was engaged in active operations causing offenses. He compelled persons to blaspheme. And yet he was only a tool of the devil in the matter; for as soon as his eyes were opened, he turned right round and became the opposite. But he was, up to that time, under the wrath of God, and as miserable, no doubt, as he could possibly be. Christ indicated what his experience was when he said to him, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Christ was as watchful for his little ones as a hen with a hawk over her head is watchful for her chickens, and ten times more. And there was love and purpose and power in him that would not see them really injured. His jealousy burned against the spirit that was pursuing them. He conquered that spirit by thunder and fire; and Paul himself, I presume, knew what he meant when he said of some men, "they shall be saved, yet so as by fire." He was knocked out of his iniquities by a thunderbolt, and felt the fire of God's wrath as well as his mercy. So that the text, "Woe to that man by whom the offense cometh," is to be construed liberally and mercifully, and yet there is tremendous truth in it that every body ought to understand and weigh well. Whoever gets between God and his little ones is challenging the wrath of the Almighty.

There are three things that we must do, if we would please God and have a good reward: not stumble ourselves, not make other persons stumble, and help up persons when they do stumble. The only way to do all this, is to look to God for grace. We can do it by prayer. God can give us grace not to be stumbling-blocks to any body; but to be helpers to all around us in every thing that is good.

## TALK ABOUT THE SECOND COMING. NO. V.

*Inquirer.*—Can you name any individuals that you suppose were translated at the Coming of Christ?

*Circular.*—In the first place we know that

more than one of Christ's original disciples remained alive till his coming; for he said once to the twelve—"Verily I say unto you, there be some [tines, plural in the Greek] standing here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." (Matt. 16: 28.) In the next place we have a specific intimation from Christ that the apostle John in particular should live till the consummation. In one of Christ's interviews with his disciples after his resurrection, he foretold to Peter that martyrdom awaited him. Thereupon Peter, in his usual free way, took upon him to question Christ about the destiny of others. "Turning about, he seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved [i. e. John], and saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith to him, *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?* Follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that *that disciple should not die*. Yet [says John] Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?*" (John 21: 20-23.) You perceive from this narrative at least so much as this, viz: 1, that in the mind of Christ and his disciples there was nothing improbable in the idea of John's living till the Second Coming (which plainly implies that in their view the Second Coming was not more than about forty years distant); and, 2, that the disciples' theory about the Second Coming, was, that *whoever lived to see it would not die, but would be translated*. This was not only their theory, but it was the true theory, and they got it from Christ; for Paul announced precisely the same theory in 1 Cor. 15, and 1 Thess. 4, viz., that the living at the Second Coming would not sleep, but would be changed and caught up; and he said explicitly that he got it from the Lord. So that the saying of the disciples that John would not die, would have been perfectly legitimate, if it had been based on an *absolute assertion* of Christ that John would live till the Second Coming. But it had for its basis only an *intimation* implied in a question, the main object of which was not to predict the destiny of John, but to rebuke the curiosity of Peter. "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" The disciples generally received this as a direct affirmation; but John himself declined that construction, and refused to commit himself to a positive inference that he should not die. He *knew* that the Second Coming was not so far distant but that *some* of the disciples would live to see it, and he *knew* that whoever did live to see it would not die; but he *did not* know that he himself should be of that number, because Christ did not say so positively, but only put a supposition, that authorized no more than a strong probability. Christ evidently did not mean to give John an insurance against death; and John, writing before the Second Coming, while his life was yet uncertain, modestly refused to join his brethren in the natural inference from Christ's question, and contented himself with a simple re-statement of the exact

words of that question. But observe, there is nothing whatever in this nicety of the apostle that authorizes the other inference, viz., that *he was to die*, or that he *did* die. On the contrary, as the disciples had some ground for the opinion that he would not die, so we have good reason for the opinion *that he did not die*. But then, in deference to John's correction, we must acknowledge that we have no right to be positive in this opinion, till we get explicit and direct testimony as to the event. It is to be noted, however, that we have in confirmation of our opinion, some evidence which the disciples had not at the time when their saying about John went abroad; that is to say, we know as well as any thing can be known from tradition, that John did actually live till the destruction of Jerusalem, i. e., till the appointed time of the Second Coming. If we were perfectly sure of this fact, we should be rationally sure that he did not die. And indeed we have plenty of evidence within the Bible itself, without asking any favors of external tradition, that John lived to a period *very near* the final crisis. There is internal evidence in the book of Revelation, that it was written *just before* the destruction of Jerusalem. So says Prof. Stuart; and so say all the best critics of modern times. In his first epistle, also, John expressly announces that he was writing on the very verge of the consummation, when the last antecedent signs of the Second Coming had appeared. "Little children," he says, "it is the last time [or, as it should be rendered, *the last hour*]; and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists, *whereby we know it is the last hour*." (1 John 2: 18.) It is barely possible that John died in the very short interval that remained between this writing and the Second Coming, though all tradition says he did not. If he did not, we are sure that he *never* died.

To sum up the case: We know, 1, that Christ came immediately after the destruction of Jerusalem; 2, that believers who were alive at that time did not die, but were changed; 3, that *some* of the original disciples were alive at that time; 4, that Christ strongly intimated that John in particular would be of this number; 5, that John did certainly live till very near the time appointed, according to his own writings, and still longer, according to universal tradition. I imagine that such a chain of evidence as this, connecting a man with a murder, would hang him. Connecting John as it does with Christ's coming to triumph over death, it entitles him to the verdict—"Not dead, but translated by visitation from God."

*Inquirer*.—How do you dispose of the traditions that are current in church-history, that John lived long *after* the destruction of Jerusalem, and died at Ephesus in the reign of Trajan?

*Circular*.—These traditions are on the face of them, the merest mumblings of interested conjecture. In consequence of the chimerical idea of a resurrection of the visible carcasses

of men (which early took possession of the church under the Fathers that led the way into the delusion about the Second Coming), the remains and tombs of distinguished saints and martyrs became objects of idolatrous interest, and made occasion for a vast amount of swindling and fabulous history, on the part of bishops and churches that could plausibly claim possession of such treasures. Accordingly Eusebius, in his childish history, written some two hundred and fifty years after the apostolic age, reports that Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, said in a letter to Victor, bishop of Rome, in a bragging way, that they had, among other notabilities, the remains of John at Ephesus. This is the sum and substance of the evidence we have from the Fathers about the matter. There is also a story, which is part and parcel of the same doughty traditions, that John was once cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, and came out unhurt—which nobody now believes; but which is just as authentic, and in fact just as credible, considering what we know about the Second Coming, as the story of his death at Ephesus. To show what wretched blunders were made by those who pretended to tell something about the death of John, it is enough to mention that Calmet says that his age at the time of his death was stated by some to have been 94, by others 98, by others 99, by others 104, by others 106, and by others 120! They might as well have spun it out "world without end;" and in fact they would have come nearer to the truth if they had. All Bible-evidence goes to show that he did not die, but that he left this world by translation, not long after A. D. 70. I do not believe that he ever left the isle of Patmos till he went up. There he wrote the Apocalypse, which was the *reveille* of the Second Advent. In the last scene of that book, Jesus, his old master, who had given him all but an outright promise that he should live till the great Coming, said to him—"Behold I come quickly!" and again—"Behold I come quickly!" and yet again—"Surely I come quickly!" His answer indicates that he was ready—"Even so; come, Lord Jesus!"

#### MY CONVERSION.

IF I were asked how I became a believer in the Second Coming, Salvation from Sin and our other doctrines, I should say that it was because I first became a *listener*. God, in his providence, had brought upon me an overwhelming sense of the importance of saving my soul. I was a member of the church, and from time to time had been blessed with much comfort and joy in walking in its ordinances. Still, many things within and without conspired to convict me of the fact that my salvation was not completed. So desirable did the approbation of God seem, that I cared but little for worldly honor. Thus God turned my ambition away from worldly things toward heavenly things.

Now I can understand that all this experience prepared me to seek earnestly after the truth—to become a *listener* for the word of God. As I heard I believed, and in believing my heart was opened to hear and understand more of the

mystery of God's righteousness and to accept of his salvation.

Opposers and many worldly friends are ready to admit that our system is producing good fruit, but still say that our religious doctrines are incredible and monstrous; but are these judges of our faith *listeners*? Do they seek to know what the word of God is sounding in the spiritual world? The word of God has gone out into the hearts of men. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." The true hearer is one who is ready to forsake all and follow this light wherever it leads.

To all who are judging us or seeking to understand us we say, Cultivate the "hearing ear." It is the wisest thing a man can do. This has made us what we are. We will not be haughty and dogmatic, but only in simplicity and godly fear, witness to what we hear, remembering these words of Christ: "*Take heed therefore how ye hear, for whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken that which he seemeth to have.*"

E. H. H.

### THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

I HAVE sometimes asked myself the question: In what does the happiness of heaven consist? It certainly cannot be the result of any external excitement, or the mere gratification of natural appetite, or even the satisfaction of what are considered the higher forms of human desires, such as ambition, benevolence, approbation, and the like. What, then, is it which makes heaven the happiest place in the universe? The answer seems to me to be, The presence of God. "In his presence is fullness of joy." On the other hand, hell is a place of terrible misery, because of the withdrawal from it of the presence of God. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all," says the apostle; but hell is described as "outer darkness," or a total absence of His presence. So we may partake of the joy of heaven without changing our external condition, by drawing near to God; or suffer the misery of hell, by shutting Him from our hearts.

V. W.

### A FACT.

DURING the spring and early part of the past summer I was troubled with loss of sleep, bad dreams and general disturbance of my nervous system during the night. As this was entirely new experience to me, I at first paid but little attention to it, thinking it would pass off as I more fully recovered from an attack of neuralgia that had prostrated me for several weeks. But instead of getting better the difficulty increased, until at last I dreaded the thought of sleeping, or of trying to sleep at all, during the night. I changed my sleeping place several times, in hopes that new circumstances might afford some relief. But it was of no use. Wherever I went, or whenever I tried to sleep, I was sure to wake up distressed in body and mind. It seemed as though some mighty spiritual principality had taken possession of me and was slowly but surely enveloping me within a network of devilish parasites.

One night while trying to sleep, and expecting morning but distress and mental worry, these

were speaking to me at my bedside, "Resist these attacks. Close the door of your heart against these spiritual vampires, and expect that good spirits will come and take their places." My heart responded to these words of hope and deliverance. I saw at once that I had actually invited these attacks by expecting them and passively enduring them without making any vigorous resistance in faith and trust in God. The effect was instantaneous; the door of my heart seemed immediately bolted and barred against the powers of darkness, and the peace of God entered instead and took possession. The spell was broken; all my doubts and fears and mental distress vanished at once. I fell asleep and have never been troubled since.

G. E. C.

### THE OLD LOG HUT.

II.

SUPPLYING himself with five hundred dollars in gold coin, Mr. Noyes left the city of New York for this locality. It hardly need be said that on his arrival here he met with a very cordial reception. In Mr. Burt he found a right hand man whose heart and soul were wholly enlisted in the new enterprise before them. Without consulting worldly precaution Mr. Noyes followed an unerring instinct of his heart, and soon after his arrival presented the purse of five hundred dollars to Mr. Burt as a free contribution to the cause, which he for the time represented, and also, as an expression of confidence in its success. What a surprise to Mr. Burt! He could hardly believe his own eyes when the minted dust was emptied in a heap before him. The thankfulness he felt, but could not express, at so sudden a turn of good fortune, can be more readily imagined than described. It was timely, too. Clouds were gathering over him. Certain professed friends of the movement had promised financial assistance, but in the hour of need had failed to render it. The winter had been an open one, so that his saws were idle much of the time. The little colony was on his hands for support. His creditors and worldly friends looked with an evil eye on this strange adventure of his, predicting a total financial failure, if no greater calamity, and were on the point of securing their own claims by legal processes. The gold turned the tide of events. The gift was an act of implied confidence in Mr. Burt as a reliable, trustworthy man. But the donor was in blissful ignorance of the impending storm he had unwittingly averted.

The sudden appearance and circulation of five, ten and twenty dollar gold pieces had an agency, no doubt, in creating a floating story that the new member from the east was the possessor of great wealth. Believing, moreover, as some of the neighbors did, that a golden opportunity had arrived for them to better their own fortunes, they improved it by offering their lands for sale, at an advance on the price paid for them. The first farm thrown into market was a small one of twenty-six acres contiguous to the saw-mill water-power. The buildings upon it were a log or block house, a barn and shoe-shop. The price put upon it by Mr. Crane, the owner, being regarded as reasonable, the purchase of it was favored by Mr. Noyes, who wrote immediately to his friends in New York respecting it. Receiving a hearty approval of the proposed investment, the bargain was concluded and a deed of the property executed; possession was to be given on the first of March, when a payment of five hundred dollars in gold was to be made.

As five hundred dollars was the amount left with the Cragins in New York, arrangements were made for them to meet the family of Mr. Noyes and their own children (who were left in Putney the previous fall) at Springfield, and thence proceed together to their new home in Oneida valley. About the middle of February a plan was laid for the parties to arrive at Oneida Depot on Wednesday, the first day of

March, 1848, on the 8 P. M. train. The New York delegation left the city on Saturday, spent Sunday in New Haven and arrived at Springfield Monday noon; while the Putney company left Monday morning, arriving there the same evening. Accompanying Mrs. Noyes and the children were John R. Miller, and John L. Skinner, with his wife and son. The meeting was one of peculiar interest to all. We had a room to ourselves at the hotel, and as the clock struck eight we were reminded of the hour of our evening gatherings. The thought came involuntarily to all our hearts at once. Space was abolished. We were with the loved ones still in Putney, and they with us. We were with our leader and the friends with him in Central New York, and they with us. Absent in body, but present in spirit. Our hearts were full of thankfulness to God for his great goodness to us all. Trials in the flesh worked victories in the spirit.

The next day at noon, our meeting broke up; Mr. Miller leaving for Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner for Putney, and the Noyes and Cragin families for the west. We numbered in all—men, women, children, babies, trunks, boxes, bags and bundles—twenty-two persons and pieces. Darkness overtook us before we reached Troy, our destination that afternoon. As we were landed in the street in front of the Troy House in the midst of a crowd of people, we had to look two ways at once—for our load of baggage at one end of the train, and our women and little ones at the other. On reaching the hotel the first thing we did was to call the juvenile roll: "Theodore?" "Here;" "George E.?" "Here;" "Charley?" No answer. Our second boy, a lad of six, was missing. Dropped every thing and started in search of him; tumbled over our baggage; up and on; ran against a porter with a trunk on his back, and both of us tumbled. Up again—and on. Reached the cars—no, the street where they had stood. They were gone! Turned and saw a crowd of men and boys standing around an object. Looked inside and there stood the lost one, quite composedly trying to make the bystanders comprehend who he was, and what he wanted. We were soon all together in a room by ourselves. Even our fourteen pieces of baggage responded to the roll-call by their mute presence. So, thanking God, we took courage.

The next morning we left Troy in good time, and precisely at 3 P. M., the first day of March, there arrived at Oneida Station the first family installment of Putney refugees. The promised conveyances were not quite on time. But in the course of half-an-hour, Abram Burt and Hial Waters made themselves known to us. It was wintry weather and tolerably good sleighing. Two double teams were required to transport us, with bag and baggage, to what was then almost a howling wilderness, but is now a home of homes. As we approached the outskirts of the domain now owned by the O. C., dilapidated fences, tall, black-looking stumps, with here and there a log hut, met the eye in almost every direction. One unacquainted with this locality twenty years ago, can scarcely imagine the transformation nature has undergone through the agency of human skill and industry.

We were landed at Mr. Burt's, whose dwelling (an unpretending one), was a few rods south of the bridge, on the left of the road. Mr. Noyes, up to this time, had been the guest of this family. A company of eight strangers thus added to a household already as large as could be comfortably accommodated, was calculated to try the patience of Mrs. Burt, to whom the revolutionary doctrines held by her husband and friends, were not particularly attractive. However, she managed to behave as well under such circumstances as could be expected.

The gold payment on the log-hut farm having been made and the premises being vacated, the next morning, the second day of March, the Putney reinforcement took possession of it, and happy, indeed, they were to do so. One room on the ground-floor about fifteen feet square, a huge fireplace suggestive of chats, small windows and wide doors, a chamber under the low roof, where tall folks could not stand erect, except directly under the ridge-pole, a small hole under the ground-floor,

called a cellar, and a lean-to on the west side for a wood-house—such was the house which cradled the infancy of the O. C.

How delighted our children were with their new home! The old saw-mill, the logs and lumber scattered on all sides in wild confusion, the dyke, the dam, the creek with its icy covering, so very near our snug little cabin; the forest trees but a few rods away, and the stumps behind which they could play hide-and-seek, presented to their juvenile minds rare materials for sport without fear of the reprimand, "You musn't touch." To us older children, the situation was so entirely novel, so suggestive of improvement, which would employ our mental and physical powers, and so remote from noisy villages, where one could work, worship and prosper without any to molest and make afraid, that it seemed like the beginning of a new life, as it were, one that would be more completely consecrated to God and made more fruitful to his honor and praise. In one day, our late troubles and persecutions, were more than counterbalanced by the influx of faith and renewed enthusiasm for the work given us to do.

The women, too, how thankful and happy they were with the new providential situation provided for them! A few dishes, with knives, forks, and spoons were found in the trunks and boxes, placed there by the ever-thoughtful provider Harriet A. Noyes, the mother of O. C. And how rich the treat, to their house-keeping natures, of exercising their skill at contrivance and invention to get along well and happily with little or nothing to do with. In our mammoth fire-place, the corners of which would accommodate all our juveniles at once, hung a single iron pot, which we had borrowed, and kings in their palaces might have envied us our peace and contentment.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1868.

### COMMUNITY CHILDREN.

NO. IV.

(Conclusion.)

OUR method of bringing up children, by taking them from their mothers after the nursing period, and placing them in a department by themselves under selected trainers, has been commented upon unfavorably and sometimes severely. Mothers and motherly folks are apt to think ill of such an arrangement. But we recall the attention of mothers and motherly folks to the fact already mentioned once or twice, that during an administration of twenty years, embracing the training of over one hundred and thirty children, only two deaths have occurred in our children's house!

This fact becomes more interesting by looking at the facts before and after it, i. e., at the deaths among the infants before they reach the children's house, and among the young after they leave it. We can count nine deaths of infants while under their mother's care, and eight deaths of young persons after they left their trainers and assumed care of themselves, to offset the two that have occurred under the care of the children's department! Nine deaths before the age of two years, and eight deaths after the age of thirteen, but only two in the interval between! Consider this, ye mothers, and judge whether the children's house is not the best mother after all.

And it is to be noted that the two deaths mentioned were not the result of any of the common diseases of children which can be guarded against, but of mysterious, and probably constitutional weaknesses. One died of what appeared to be consumption, and the other was in charge of a doctor, and under treatment for worms; but it was never known whether he died of worms, or of the medicine given to destroy them. On the other hand, the children's house has passed through twenty campaigns of such diseases as measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever, dysentery, influenza of several kinds, and diphtheria, without losing a child! Look at this, ye physiologists, and

tell us what it means. Is it "the blessing of God," or "obedience to some great law?"

In concluding this series of articles, we will explain the unlucky remark, in which we disclaimed "much advance" in the line of propagation, and said we were "waiting for light." We have shown what we did *not* mean. We were not so foolish as to think or say, that our children are constitutionally inferior to other people's, or that our method of training them has not been successful, or that the blessing of God which has prospered our farming and manufactures, has not been extended to our children's house. What we *did* mean, we will now try to make manifest.

The past of our history has been for the most part a period of struggle—we might say of *warfare*—for existence; and war is a poor time, and a military camp is a poor place, for raising a family. We have had all we could well attend to in maintaining ourselves spiritually and temporally against enemies within and without. Amativeness goes before philoprogenitiveness, and we have had to work and watch these twenty years, like frontier settlers, in subduing and civilizing amativeness; hence the demands of philoprogenitiveness have had to be postponed. Our policy has been to keep out of the embarrassments of propagation as much as possible, till we could prepare a peaceful home, and secure ample means of giving children the best conditions of life and education. These have been our reasons for not attempting "much advance" in this line, and the providence and inspiration of God have coöperated with them. Our attention has been withheld, to a great extent, from the vast science of stirpiculture, or scientific breeding. We have known that this study was before us, but have had to "wait for light;" and until light came, the best we could do, was to do as little as possible.

What we have done, therefore, in the line of propagation, has been done very much after the fashion of the world. In the incipient period of the Community, most of the leading members were married and had children in the usual involuntary way. Since then our theory of male continence has placed this matter substantially under control; and in accordance with the above policy, there has been but little done or attempted. Cases of special desire for children have occurred from time to time, and the persons have had their will, generally with happy results. Accidental or involuntary propagation has also occurred occasionally, and the results, so far as the offspring are concerned, have been as welcome, and for aught we know, as fortunate, as any. But these cases of both kinds have not been numerous; and a large proportion of the inmates of our children's house have always been the offspring of recently received members. So much for the past and in explanation of our non-advance and "waiting for light."

And now what of the future? Have we got light to begin the advance? Ycs: streaks of light are surely breaking upon us. This much we perceive at least, that children, even under the poor conditions of our past, are a blessing from the Lord, and that they pay richly for all the trouble they cost us. We have recovered the old Jewish eagerness for offspring. True we have had plenty of "trouble in the flesh." Sin and suffering have been busy among our children, and have kept us busy. The diphtheria cut a swath through the ranks of our young people. Insanity has carried off one of our brightest and dearest. But with all this and a great deal more such in remembrance, we thank God to-day more for our children, than for all the other blessings he has given us, except his own love, and we value the power of generation, as second only to that of regeneration. So we shall not hold back for want of courage and encouragement.

For the rest, this is what we have to say: We seem to have got through the wars; we are getting out of debt; prosperity inward and outward is rolling in upon us; we are studying Darwin and the Bible on stirpiculture; we intend to build the final wing of our Mansion house next summer and give it to the children, with the best equipments that science can furnish for their training: the Community has so far

perfected the discipline of its affections, that it is ready, as with one heart, for a faithful trial of the experiment of rational breeding, just as soon and as fast as we can find out what that is, either from science or from intuition and inspiration. We have not made that experiment yet. The past, with all the good we have to be thankful for, has been, so far as propagation is concerned, little more than a continuation of the old way. We *shall* make that experiment. It is the next thing before us. Another twenty years will show the result. Without immodesty we may ask all who love God and mankind to pray that we may succeed, for our success will surely be the dawn of a better day to the world.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Oct. 8.]

ONEIDA.

—We have had many seasons of thanksgiving for the great abundance of fruit we have enjoyed this summer. When we abandoned meat years ago, we held before ourselves the prospect of sometime having our fill of all the fruits that could be raised in this section—but our *sometime* we put a long way ahead. Yet this year has come the fulfillment of that dream, and we say with gratitude that our time of waiting has been short. Not only have we had all we wanted ourselves of each luscious fruit in its turn, but we have had the pleasure of giving to our neighbors. Though some of our vineyards and orchards must be tempting to the Midland workers and others, it is wonderful how free they have been from depredation. Communism, we believe, is destined to extinguish poverty and we long for the time when Christ's principle, "All mine are thine and thine are mine," shall be established in the whole world, making theft impossible.

—A communication was read in the evening from a member who said she wished to expose a habit of childishness which still clung to her. Afterward T. R. N. remarked: "All those who do not have a firm, religious basis, will find that a great many things which are childish will grow with their growth. Sometimes when we think we are getting along well, we are carrying around with us a great load of childish ideas and habits—childish, not in the sense which pertains to little children, but in the sense of weakness. Pride, which exalts itself above others, is actual weakness." Then, taking up the last CIRCULAR, he read aloud the article entitled, "New Problems in Politics," and said: "It does me good to confess that I am under that despotism for all eternity. This short time that we are young is but a drop in the ocean compared with the time for which we have to settle this question. When I see persons suffering in consequence of this despotism which God is exercising over the evils in their characters, I long to give them liberty. When we get into a state where we acknowledge others wiser than we are, we shall have won a great prize; we shall be on the road to the kingdom of heaven. The spirit that tries to get out into empty space where it will have no equal, is on the way to outer darkness."

The following communication for the times was read from J. H. N. last night:

"Now is the time for us to look out for our old temptation to speculate and talk too much about possibilities. Our late purchase, our proposed experiments in railroading, the new plans that the Midland is always thrusting upon us, the prospect of building the south wing, &c. &c., excite our imaginations and give us agreeable subjects of gossip. Our prosperity in money matters naturally loosens the economical rigor that we have been under and makes it easy to sail off on the wings of imagination into a thousand business ventures. But let us remember that if we are ever to learn to walk wisely without being compelled to it by suffering, we shall begin by keeping sober and chaste and continent in just such enticing circumstances as those now present. It is the old lesson of male continence.

"For my part, I want to faithfully wait on God—nothing more, and nothing less. He is moving around us and going before us. I see his foot-prints in the Midland and in all our prosperity. e of this



busy in our businesses, and has great objects in pushing us forward. I want to move on with him—to watch his moves and second them; to keep up with him and not rush on before him; to be prompt and yet modest, bold and yet cautious, victorious and yet humble. To the Primitive Church, the coming of the Lord was a wonderful hope, and in some cases a temptation to morbid speculation and excitement. Yet Paul puts it as a reason for calmness: 'Let your moderation be known unto all men—the Lord is at hand.' Now is the time for us to put forward our moderation, and we shall have grace to do it if we really wait on the Lord. The temptation to speculation and excitement comes from waiting on *events* instead of on the Lord. I will 'set the Lord always before my face.' I will go home and stay at home."

## WILLOW PLACE.

—Mr Thacker and John Sears gave a report of their trip to the State Fair, at Rochester. They went away Tuesday noon and returned Thursday. Their main object in going was to exhibit Mr. Burt's corn machine and Mr. Thacker's hoe. But they were a little chagrined on reaching the fair-ground, to find the corn-cutter among the missing. They immediately telegraphed back to know if it was here, and received a telegram stating that it was. They then sent another telegram to the effect that the machine need not be sent on as there was not time to exhibit it; but they were too late, and the joke of it all was, that while Mr. Thacker and John were in Rochester, the machine was at Oneida; and when they were at Oneida, the machine was at Rochester, for the freight agent sent it on immediately after receiving the first telegram. Mr. Thacker did not enter his hoe for exhibition, as it was too late. He, however, showed it to a number of farmers on the fair-ground, and also to other persons, and every one who saw it praised it as a good and ingenious invention.

—As the silk-works closed this evening, Charles was surrounded by the fifty girls he employs, and one of them handed him a beautiful silver and glass fruit-dish, repeating as she did so, words something like these: "Mr. Cragin:—Let me present you with this fruit-dish (in behalf of these my shop-mates), which we hope you will accept as a token of friendship and respect; and we ardently desire that the fruits of our labors for you will be as pleasing to you, as the fruit of which you will partake from this dish." Charles was taken completely unawares, and at first appeared quite nonplussed, but he quickly collected his thoughts and replied as follows: "This gift takes me entirely by surprise, but I accept it in behalf of the Community. If (as this gift indicates), we have succeeded in gaining your good-will and esteem, I am much pleased. It is a magnificent dish, and I thank you all for it." At this the crowd dispersed with happy and satisfied looks.

—One of the girls wanted an egg in a hurry this morning, and finding none in the house flew to the barn, drove several old mother-clucks from their nests, and securing her prize ran back to the kitchen, where stood, on the stove, the boiling water ready to receive the contents of the egg-shell. Crack went the egg against the edge of the spider; but it did not break! The puzzled cook gave it another more decisive rap: but the egg, setting its known reputation at defiance, remained as firm as adamant. Being subjected to examination a curious ruse was revealed. An old shell had been so cunningly filled with plaster of Paris that biddy herself could not have told the difference between it and her own.

## THE MOTHER OF OUR CHILDREN'S HOUSE.

THE direction of our attention to the children's department of late has very much refreshed and increased our own appreciation of the system of training in the Community, and it was suggested last evening in the meeting, that we inquire as a matter of historical justice into the question how much MRS. CRAGIN had to do with the establishment and inauguration of that system. The testimony was warm and enthusiastic, going to show that it was

her large-heartedness, earnestness and motherly talent that laid the foundation of all that is good in our children's house. She had fine natural qualifications for the government of children, being very loving and yet capable of severity. Her affection was strong, but her love of righteousness was stronger, so that she could be fond without weakness. She had rare opportunities to develop her faculty in early life as mistress of infant schools, and she was not long in the Putney Community before her peculiar function as a mother was discovered. When a separate family for the children was instituted here, involving more difficulties than it is possible to glance at now, she threw herself into the work in the spirit of a pioneer, and carried through that great weaning—a weaning for all generations after it in the Community; for what in that first experiment seemed unnatural and cruel, now only seems rational and desirable. Every body sees the propriety of weaning a child from the breast when it requires more nourishing food; and every body will sometime see the propriety of weaning children from sickly, family love, that they may thrive on Community affection. She drew in devoted helpers; she watched with the little ones; she comforted the parents; she invented exercises; in short, we see her spirit expressed in the whole economy of our children's house as it is.

Her first principle was a *good spirit*. To secure this she did not rely on a multitude of rules, but on the children's beginning as soon as they could speak, to confess Christ in them a good spirit, on Bible instruction, and on the personal influence of their guardians and of the older children on the younger. She set a high value on *obedience*—was often heard to say that she would rather her own children should die than grow up in willfulness. She did not spare their flesh when its suffering would promote their spiritual good. One young man who belonged to the generation that knew her, said he had a vivid recollection of her dislike of frivolousness in children; not that she would have them dull, but she hated meaningless plays. Another remembered how when they were restless and giddy she would have them sit down and be perfectly still ten or fifteen minutes. Another, how she used to frolic with them in the meadow, abandoning herself for the time to their merriest mood and letting her heart all out in affectionate demonstrations, and then suddenly shaking them all off and sending them about their business. Another remembered her teaching the children to say the eighth chapter of Proverbs in unison, the 119th Psalm, and other scriptures. Another, how she told stories with wonderful effect which left their impression to this day. Another, how she taught them to sing, drilling them while very young in reading notes and beating time. Another remembered the letters she wrote after she went to Brooklyn to live, by which she still presided over the welfare of the children. The testimony of Harriet E. Allen shall be reported in full: "I well remember," said she, "Mrs. Cragin's four-weeks' stay at Wallingford the spring before she died, and her labors with us children—George in particular. He was called a very *spunky* boy—never could bear disappointment with a good grace. One day while she was there, he wanted to go to Hartford with Henry. Father said no, he could not go. Whereupon G. threw himself down, kicked, bumped his head against the floor and screamed, 'Oh, father I shall die, I shall die!'" this being a favorite expression of his, when not allowed to have his own way. Mrs. C. was in the next room and after listening a while, sent for him to come to her. She talked with him about giving way to his feelings in that foolish manner, and read with him from the Bible passages about controlling the tongue, &c. The effect was almost miraculous. He never was known to have one of those passionate, screaming times again, while previously they were of almost daily occurrence. Although I was unconverted at the time, the change in George made a great impression upon me, and I was convinced there was something about her different from any other woman I had ever seen." Mothers remembered how judicious she was in selecting persons for the care of the children's house, making one perfect mother of the combination. She would

choose one faithful in details, watchful of the toes and fingers; another should be executive, another musical, another strong in the love of righteousness, and all should be mediums of the Community spirit. They remembered that she was no hand to fret, fret at a child; she kept in fellowship with it in spite of little misbehaviors; but when its disobedience became flagrant she would give it a decisive criticism—a severe whipping, perhaps—which it would never forget. She never left a child she had corrected under condemnation. After punishing it for its faults, with all needed severity, she would turn around and love it—not follow it with suspicion, but expect good of it. Those who lived with the children remembered how she attended the "morning meetings" which she instituted, and which are continued to this day, and how attractive they were to the children, though conducted in the most serious spirit. She wanted to have every thing done for the children from attraction, and would change the attendants when necessary to secure this. Was there a weakly, unattractive child, she would advise the nurses to take it right into their hearts, doing so herself, nourishing it in the most tender manner, and in that way effecting great improvement where criticism failed. The Community women feel that now after twenty years of experience, they have only come up as a class to her standard of unselfishness and public spirit. All the children were hers, and when she died, her own children did not feel her loss more than many others.

The following letter from an old file, labeled 1849, written by Mrs. C. at Brooklyn, N. Y., where she was then living with a detachment from O. C., was produced and read:

DEAR MOTHERS:—I have been brought into considerable sympathy with you of late; my circumstances rendering me rather liable to some of those hopes and fears which are so apt to agitate a mother's heart. Suffer me to enter into a bond of sisterhood with you, and let us see if, by a calm investigation of our temptations and difficulties, with the help of God and of one another, we can not rid ourselves of anxiety. And in the first place let us ask ourselves, How do we feel when our parents and friends make themselves uneasy about our position as members of the Association? How do we regard their fears and doubts about our well-being, and their concern lest we are not treated with all the tenderness to which we have been accustomed? We, like good soldiers, tell them that we are doing well; that God loves us better than they do, and will on no account suffer us to be abused. We laugh at their fears, saying, I am not treated like a baby, neither do I wish to be. I am learning to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. If I am learning self-control at whatever expense, I am acquiring a grand element of character which will conduce to the happiness of my whole life. Can we not apply this to our babies?

Let us take another view of the case. I read of a woman who, on the occasion of burying her only child, said to those who offered consolation, "It is the best gift I have, and I make my Savior welcome to it." Was not this noble? Let us not be out-done by this woman, but let us sit down and looking over all God has done for us, get all the gifts of his love in one great heap before our minds, and then see if our hearts are not stirred within us to take these dear children in our arms and understandingly and unreservedly offer them to him as the most valuable thing we have, and thus the choicest gift we can offer, short of our own life. He will accept the offering, and, treating us as though they really belonged to us to give, and were not already his, will fill that place in our affections with himself; for every venture on our part attracts his strength and confidence and love.

Let us take still another view. The more lovely the gifts, the more should our attention be drawn toward the Giver. Let us ask ourselves this question: Suppose I had entered into partnership with one destitute and unhappy, and had by that union raised the individual to wealth and happiness, given him means of educating himself for the highest society, and the promise of a great inheritance when he had learned how to use it. How should I feel to

see such an one occupied so intently with some one of my gifts as to let anxiety about it supersede rejoicing in my favor, in short who loved my gift more than myself? Should I not be grieved at such a return? Most certainly I should; but this is the way I treat God when I turn from him to be anxious about my children. Let us take for our motto, "Ye are not your own," and throw the responsibility of ourselves and our children upon him who feeds the ravens, and of whom it is said that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge. }

Still another view: God is bent on securing our salvation. He has begun the work and will not be defeated. Happy thing it is for us, that he loves us better than we love ourselves, or we never should be saved. Now we know that trees are often pruned of extraneous branches, in order that the body of the tree may have health and vigor. If God sees that our hearts are kept in a bleeding state to the weakening of our whole character, will he not be compelled to bind up those wounds by taking from us those things which keep them open? But we will not force him to such an alternative—but seeking strength to behave well in our position as mothers, beset with temptations and a prey to weaknesses, say in our hearts, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

I confess Christ my savior from the undue exercise of philoprogenitiveness. Who will join me?

Your sister, M. E. CRAGIN.

[To finish, we give a characteristic note from Mrs. C. to the children of the Putney Community, a few months after the expulsion of the Cragins from that place:]

Newark, Feb. 4, 1848.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I will tell you a story. There is a boy here named George, a big boy, bigger than Ellsworth. Well, another boy coaxed him to buy a book, and he brought it home. I read it a little and found that it was a great long story about wicked folks, thieves and liars and wicked men and women. You know, boys, we don't believe in reading and talking about such folks; we think it is best to talk and read about good folks. I told George this, and advised him not to read it. And his mother said she wished it was burned up. But it was a pretty looking book, and he thought he should like very much to read it. However, his love for his mother was stronger than his love for the book, and I opened the stove and in went the foolish book and it burned up with a great roar and a furious blaze. I have made a verse for you which, unless one of your mothers will make one better, you may learn to sing for me to the tune of "Begone Dull Care:"

Bad temper go,  
You and I shall never agree,  
Bad temper go,  
You shall never stay with me;  
For I will always kind and mild  
And gentle try to be,  
And do to others as I wish  
That they should do to me.  
Temper bad  
With me shall never stay;  
Temper bad can never be happy and gay.

I-spirit go,  
You shall never stay with me;  
We-spirit come,  
You and I shall always agree;  
For I have got the gentle love  
That seeketh not her own,  
And do not think 'tis good to have  
Things for myself alone.  
I-spirit  
With me never shall stay,  
We-spirit  
Makes us happy and gay.

#### DRESS.

IT is curious to observe how we have to contest every inch we occupy in advance of common custom. It is now whispered among us that though the world may at last admit that our women are virtuous and our children bright, they will still cover us with reproach on account of our dress. It is

useful, they admit, but it is homely and mean; it has no regard for beauty.

Our attention having been arrested by some of the late criticisms of our costume, we have looked down on our short dress and pants and asked ourselves, "Is it so mean and homely? and are we such frights?"

After viewing the matter in all its various bearings we find ourselves still unshaken by the verdict of popular prejudice. We never claimed that our dress had reached perfection, nor have we held ourselves above criticism in regard to it; but we have said, and do still say, that it is prettier than the fettered long dress, which we look upon as the very emblem of captivity—physical and moral. It has given us the result we sought, and that was freedom to put our highest interests first. This Community can never attain the ideal for which it is striving, if its women abate one jot of their herism on the dress question, and do not rather reach forward to greater renunciation of feminine vanity.

In the days when we were held in less favor by the public, we knew what it was to be laughed at by men, to be hooted at by street-boys and looked upon with contempt by women because of our peculiar style of dress. We bore this opprobrium heroically, glad to be reviled for the truth's sake, and strong in our belief that the costume we had chosen was just the thing to cut us off from worldliness, and was besides neat, useful and beautiful. Is now the time for us to desert our position and give our minds to the follies of styles and trimmings? Never, we answer with one voice. We know just where that would lead us. We know that even now, after years of warfare and victory over the almost inextinguishable gravitation of the female mind toward such vanities, we have still to arouse ourselves to earnestness and exhort one another by "line upon line and precept upon precept."

Women are following a sadly inverted order of things. It is first the *spirit* that should be accounted beautiful, and the body even is more than raiment; but to put the dress before both is the vainest of cheats. Place dress where it belongs, in a position of subjection to other interests, and we may expect to see some good of women's rights movements, and above all to see women rise to a higher plane of intellectual and moral culture.

A word for the beauty of the short dress. Will it not be found that that costume which is the most useful, is, in the highest sense, the most beautiful? And is not the most useful dress one which gives freedom to the limbs, and to every natural movement of a well-formed body? Can any dress, however elaborate, compare with a perfect, human shape? Then, the dress which is most beautiful will be but a modest drapery for nature's statuary. After all, who shall decide whether our apparel is beautiful or homely? It is but a matter of taste; for notwithstanding many condemn, there are many who praise it with unfeigned admiration.

T. C. M.

#### ALASKA.

AMONG our visitors the last week, has been Mr. J. Wetmore, a son of our neighbor Dr. Wetmore at the Castle. Mr. W. has just returned from the newly acquired territory of Alaska, where he spent several months in government service. So many conflicting accounts of the character of the climate and soil have appeared, that we were pleased with a chance to converse with a veritable traveler from the supposed land of walrus and icebergs. The distance from San Francisco to Sitka, is from 1200 to 1400 miles, according to the route taken. Vessels either strike out into the Pacific for a regular sea voyage, or they keep inside the range of islands which stretch along the coast, passing along the narrow sounds which intervene, in which way one-half the entire voyage from San Francisco to Sitka can be made. The inside passage is dangerous for large vessels, as the shores are rocky and precipitous and the narrow sounds are too deep for anchorage.

One traveling to Sitka would, if wise, provide himself with a suit of water-proof clothing, for with the

exception of a few weeks in *spring* and occasionally a day in winter, rain falls almost constantly. Although about 1000 miles north of New York the climate is quite mild, bearing a striking resemblance to that of Northern Scotland and the Hebrides. The lowest degree of temperature last winter was 9 deg. above zero. The prevailing winds are from the west, and come freighted with moisture from the Pacific, which accounts for the almost constant precipitation. On account of the excessive moisture it is found impossible to raise grain of any kind. Potatoes are almost the only product. The necessities of life are high in price, and will probably always remain so. When Mr. W. was there, butter was 70 cts., flour \$12.00 and beef 25 cts. In gold—greenbacks are not found on the Pacific coast. The days are long in summer, twilight lasting all night.

The value of the country consists in the animal life. Salmon and halibut swarm in the adjacent seas. Immense quantities of herring can be seen from the steamer for days together. These herrings run up the freshwater streams to spawn, and the natives collect the eggs by placing boughs in the brooks upon which the fish deposit the spawn. It is then taken out and collected. In this way a whole settlement feasts for several days. Fur-bearing land-and-sea-animals are very numerous. The sea otter—much larger than the common otter—is very abundant and furnishes a valuable fur. The fur seal is also found in great quantities. In the interior can be found the silver fox; the cinnamon bear; the black bear; immense numbers of beaver; the mink, marten and muskrat. These animals are all shot, traps being almost unknown. An American Fur Company is already established. Lumber is dear at present, although Gen. Dana has a large saw-mill running, and ultimately large quantities will be obtained from mountains in the interior. Gold was discovered at a place called Taukoo in the south of Sitka island, last winter. Coal has been also found. The Indians are degraded and treacherous, especially in the interior of the main land. Several exploring parties have never been heard from. One tribe is quite a warlike nation and owns slaves, captured from their neighbors. It is found almost impossible to teach the natives English. Trading is done in the Chinook language, which Mr. W. learned. The population of the town of Sitka has fallen off since the annexation from 1200 to 400, for large numbers of Russians left with the Russian Fur Co. The purchase of Alaska is more popular on the Pacific coast than at home. In British Columbia, down the coast the climate is much better. That of Vancouver's Island is the best on the Pacific side. The country around Victoria is very fine. There are inexhaustible coal mines. The Frazer river gold mines are not very actively worked since placer mining gave out, and business in Victoria is dull. Taxes are high and the inhabitants are anxious for annexation to the United States, which they think would develop the resources of the country.

#### A LOOK BACK.

##### BIRTHDAY MUSINGS.

TWENTY-SEVEN! something over quarter of a century—more than a third of the allotted span. Yet I feel no older physically than I did twenty years ago. I do not suppose this is strange. Mr. K. once told me that the first thing which made him realize he was growing old was that he noticed he wanted his horse to stand still when he was getting in or out of his wagon. This was at forty-five.

It seems but yesterday, my seventh birthday. I wanted to go to the saw-mill, and mother said no. I cried. That birthday, wet with tears, is the only one that stands out distinctly in my memory.

The child-feeling of respect and veneration for superiors, which young men so soon learn to hate and scorn, has strengthened with my years. Wherefore? Not because I have been held in servile subjection, and bound, soul and body by an iron hand, but because every day that dawns, every increase I make in knowledge of the world, every atom of wisdom I gain, every foretaste I have of a holier life, show me that these men, our leaders in the church,

are wiser, better men than I; men, who, I know in my inmost heart are filled with the spirit of God. Many hours of dark temptation and fierce trial I have had. Many times the suggestion has arisen, "Behold, I will arise and flee." But when my thoughts have ranged most freely, when imagination has been wildest, I have been compelled to say to myself, "I can find no fault with this people; every principle is perfect; but can flesh and blood stand the strain?"

Experience has at length shown me the truth of the maxim that "God does not let the devil pitch in hay upon us any faster than we can mow it away." There is terrible toil sometimes, but he will see that we are not smothered.

Perhaps I was more conceited than most boys, but one of the things it took me a long time to learn was that every man in the army can't be General. Many a boy sees in the golden haze of the future, power and fame. For one I can testify that it took many bitter lessons, many hard knocks, on the castle of my conceit, many bits of humble pie, before I found "for sure," that there were people who were a great deal smarter than I could ever hope to be; men with better heads, sounder judgment, brighter wits than mine; men who could lead on an army as easily as I could a corporal's squad. When I really found this out, and saw that there was no help for it, I grew resigned, and—a great deal happier. But this is only one lesson the Community has taught me.

### EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

#### III.

I was awakened by a violent fit of coughing and a choking sensation occasioned by the vapor from the burning peat mixed with tobacco smoke issuing from the mouth of one of the farm hands who sat so close to me that the bowl of his long clay pipe came in unpleasant proximity to my nose. More than a dozen people sat round the fire. In the middle of the company was a woman, about thirty-five or forty years of age, passably good looking, who assumed an air of conscious superiority over her companions, and was apparently treated by all with the deference she demanded. A tallow candle burned on a table close behind her and a letter laid upon her lap. I at once concluded that she was the schoolmistress and that the neighbors had assembled to hear the letter "all the way from America." If this were so, the precious document had been disposed of while I slept and a topic of more general interest had taken its place.

An opportunity was offered me to retire, but I had heard enough to arouse my interest, and borrowing my neighbor's pipe which had come so near suffocating me, I prepared to listen to the thrilling conversation which seemed to hold the little circle spell-bound. The school teacher was the principal speaker, and pretended a wondrous credulity on the subject of stalking ghosts and fairy rings. Every one gave breathless attention to her impish tales, and each had one to match the marvel: Dame Fitch "never didn't believe in ghosts and sperrits and noo sich nonsense nor never wouldn't; but when the dear old man died, the dogs howled every night exactly at twelve o'clock for a week, till the body was buried;" but she "wasn't like some folks that would make a talk and wonderment about sich things and think there was a ghost around," but she "knowed very well there must have been something to make poor dumb bastes take on so." Each one told her experience with an avowal of incredulity, but each was anxious to gain credence for her story. It seemed altogether a women's meeting; the men had little to say except when occasionally appealed to for verification. They smoked their pipes and drank their cider and showed their appreciation of "the vally o' peace and quietness" by giving an unqualified assent on every occasion of reference. It seemed that two ghosts were haunting the immediate vicinity of North Moulton, and terror and dismay were depicted on the countenances of the group as one after another added to the weight of evidence and conjectured as to whom the ghosts could be.

Some thought it was farmer Lightfoot, who, return-

ing drunk from market, was thrown from his horse, and broke his neck. One departed North Moultonian after another was suggested, till finally even farmer Fitch was vaguely hinted at; but the schoolmistress settled the question beyond dispute. Old Sir Thomas —, uncle to the present baron, who was generally supposed to have died with the gout, was, she said, shot by his butler; the old baron fell in love with the butler's wife, and upon being discovered in bed with her, was shot by the jealous husband, and died a few days after from the effects of the wound; the family hushed up the matter, to cover their own disgrace, giving the butler and his wife a sum of money to go away and not report the affair. The schoolmistress argued that the murder of the baron had never been avenged, and every body knew that spirits could never rest quiet under such circumstances. So it was settled that the ghosts were those of the old baron and the butler's wife.

A bulky, honest looking man, who had hitherto snored and nodded in manifest danger of breaking his neck, here rubbed his eyes and scratched his head, swearing it was "all a lie, and honest folks had better be in bed than sitting there telling sich stuff." He "nere" saw a ghost in al his life and nere' expected tew, but if he did, he hoped t'would become old crone that talked so mich abewt 'em. The gude old Sir Thomas died in his bed like a Christian, and t'was noo for sich folks as them to be saying things forenenst the character of so fine a gentleman." This speech was from "honest old Hugh," whom I afterwards found to be the game-keeper, a man as deeply interested in protecting all the other interests of the family in whose employ he had been from childhood, as in guarding their game. His influence decidedly dampened the interest of the meeting, and one after another, with a "Gude naight, folks," disappeared through the rickety door-way; but the "schoolmaam" was not to be thus easily disposed of. Old Hugh had thrown down the gauntlet and must either retreat, or fight it out. I didn't like that woman's eye; there was malice and cunning in it, and a confidence withal which spoke as plain as words, "I am more than a match for old Hugh." Drawing herself up like an adder about to strike with its poisonous fang, she thus opened fire upon him:

"And yer wits must agane wool gathering, sure anoo, master Hugh, if ye don't believe in ghosts when your own sel was so frightened the time ye used to cross the moor that ye clean forgot to pop the question, and poor neighbor Fitch, which it is, he is now dead and gone, peor man, jist cut ye out."

The widow sighed, as this sacred subject was touched upon; Hugh grunted, and I went to bed leaving the "schoolma'am" to ill-humouredly remind the honest gamekeeper of other disagreeable passages in his past life. In after years, when studying law in London, I had occasion to examine an abstract of title to property in the neighborhood of North Moulton, and among the deeds I found a small parcel containing a bullet and a memorandum, which for the most part confirmed the story of the schoolmistress about the shooting of the old baron.

I slept soundly notwithstanding the ghost stories, and had barely commenced eating breakfast the following morning, when old Hugh appeared at the door with a brace of pointers and a gun under each arm, saying, "he thought the young gentleman might like a little sport, so brought along a spare gun," thus inviting me to a day's partridge shooting. Leaving my half-eaten meal, I was soon tramping over the moor with old Hugh, anxiously watching every action of his well-trained dogs.

"A point!" cried Hugh, as the two dogs stopped a few yards from each other with their noses pointing in the same direction, their tails straight, and each with a fore leg lifted; a covey of birds rose, three shots were fired, and some of the birds were bagged. Thus we hunted on the lonely moor till noon, when striking into a well beaten track, we soon reached a spring of water, clear as crystal. This was our halting place, and as we ate our bread and cheese, Hugh told me that this was called the Holy Well; that at Whitsuntide many people came from long distances to wash sores or otherwise diseased limbs in the water, and wonderful cures had thus

been effected. It was not difficult to lead him from the superstition of the Holy Well to the ghost story of the previous night. He said the time had gone by when he paid much attention to such tales, but there was something queer about this ghost business; every body in the county believed in these two ghosts, and a good many had seen them walk out of the woods near by and go to the Holy Well, where they disappeared; every body was afraid to go near the moor after dark, and those who had ventured had either seen the ghosts and got bewitched so that the doctor could not tell what ailed them, or else had met with some dreadful accident soon after.

My curiosity became thoroughly excited, and not without some difficulty I induced the sturdy keeper to make an appointment with me to lie in wait for the ghosts. In broad daylight I was very courageous, and ridiculed the superstition of the country people, but when night came and Hugh said that it was too bright for the ghosts to be out, that they only walked on dark and stormy nights, I felt relieved and retired to rest in hopes he would never again remember the appointment. But Hugh was a man of his word, and the following night found us on our way to the moor. The sky was overcast, the air was damp and chilly; was it the cold that made me shiver? I shivered just so the night before in the widow's chimney corner; was I afraid of anything? I scouted the idea, yet I could scarcely walk for trembling, and I feared an attempt to speak lest my companion should think me a coward. Not a word was spoken on either side until we reached the fence through which we could look out upon the dreary moor. There was no occasion for silence, but the keeper, who had been accustomed to watching, spoke from habit in his softest whisper as he motioned me to cock my fowling piece and lie down in a dry ditch. I feared to get too close to him lest he should discover my perturbation. My shaking was worse than an ague. I was obliged fairly to grind my teeth to prevent their chattering together so as to attract his attention. Two hours of such amusement I had to endure, and they appeared as long as weeks. I turned sick, and my head reeled. I would have given anything to have been once more on the widow's hearth; but my silly pride and egotism kept me in the ditch. This trait in my character cost me considerable physical suffering on that occasion, and has been a source of torment to me ever since. I might truly be said in a most important sense, to have remained in the ditch till Mr. Noyes came along and pulled me out; at all events I find such a reflection is good for my spirit, so I will leave my body there for the present.

### MODERN JEWS.

IN conversation with an intelligent Jew, some time ago, I was surprised to find him indifferent to the coming of the Messiah, and to the return of the Jewish nation to Jerusalem. He even declared that, should his nation resolve to-morrow, to go back to Palestine, he should not go. How far this indifference exists among the Jews I am not able to state; but from certain indications I am led to infer that it is quite general. The Jewish Rabbis of Europe have lately held an international congress in Cassel-Hesse; and from a report made of their proceedings, by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, it is evident that important changes are occurring among that people. The writer says:

"The Rabbis are in favor of using, in worshiping, as far as possible, the German language instead of the Hebrew. They agree to a general abbreviation of the services; drop those portions which treat of sacrifices and votive offerings, as also the prayers for a restitution of Jerusalem, return to Palestine, and the re-establishment of a Jewish empire. They acknowledge the necessity of new doctrines regarding the mission of Israelites, and deprecate every semblance of self-glory."

It is estimated that there are 6,000,000 Jews in the world at the present time, and it is reported that one-half this number are already residents of this country. This shows that the current of Hebrew emigration is setting Westward instead of Eastward; and it cannot be doubted that this change of base contributes largely to the moral and religious revo-

lutions through which this peculiar people are now passing. Already the nation is divided into two factions: the Conservative Party and the Reform Party; and it is unquestionably this last-named party that composed the Cassel-Hesse congress. The Reformers are distinguished from the Conservatives by adopting a spiritual and liberal interpretation of the Scriptures. In this respect they are said to resemble the Unitarians; for whom they have no little attraction and affinity. Their ideal Messiah is a "perfected humanity," and not a liberal, opulent prince who is to take rank with and overthrow the kings of the earth. They believe Jesus Christ to have been a good man and are tolerant toward "Christians." There is much wealth among them, and in New York city they have just dedicated a house of worship, called The Temple Emmanuel, which has been erected at a cost of 600,000. No house of this kind, built by the Jews of this country, equals it in point of richness and magnificence.

What will come of all this, remains to be seen; but as an observer of Jewish history and Bible prophecies these events are full of interest to me.

B.

#### NAPPING AMONG THE CANS.

WE well remember in the early years of the O. C. what lively discussions of the subject of diet arose in the Community as we discarded from our cuisine one stimulant after another; meat, tea, coffee all went by the board, but only after many arguments pro and con. When the Community contemplated the thorough abandonment of meat, a seemingly formidable opposition arose, and the debates that followed would have shaken a weaker body than the O. C. to its foundations, but harmony and unity prevailed in the end (as they always do) and meat was given the go by. Next came coffee and tea. In their behalf not only eloquence but song was exhausted. Poetry by the column celebrating the social and cheering effects of coffee was written, but though it was all very fine, it could not avail against the truth that coffee was a narcotic, and that drinking it was an ordinance connecting us with the whole league of those who seek excitement in stimulants whether stronger or weaker. So we drank no more tea and coffee, and have been happier ever since.

In meditating on those old discussions of diet one day at the packing-shop, where I had been laboring, extreme weariness and an old lounge that was in one of the rooms where the fruit was packed away, threw me into a doze, and in my dreams, I witnessed a strange phenomenon.

The cans filled with different vegetables with which I was surrounded on every hand, seemed to be in a strange turmoil. I was at length enabled to gather from their loud clattering, that a public meeting was about to be held to discuss the question of diet. A very plethoric can of peas that looked as though it was on the point of bursting, having rolled into the chair, called the meeting to order. He said he would state the grievances of his class in a few words. "Whereas, their brethren in Baltimore and other places were treated to such delicacies as oysters, lobsters, chicken and various kinds of meats, they had been unceremoniously stuffed with a weak spring vegetable. They had been confined to an exclusively vegetable diet, and who," said the speaker, waxing excitable and looking more and more like bursting, "can subsist on a vegetable diet?" He was in favor of immediate action. His motto was, "In time of peas prepare for war."

A can of corn that had apparently taken great interest in the proceedings, next spoke. He heartily agreed with the former speaker. He wished to disclaim any vegetarian notions, although he had been stuffed with corn. The cause was a great one, and he should like to burst in it, but as great care had been taken in the preservation of his contents, he feared he should not be able to. He should like to see others exert themselves.

The cans filled with tomatoes next spoke through one of their number. Their case was, if possible, more grievous than that of any of the speakers who had gone before them. They had been filled with a watery compound very distasteful to them and utterly

insufficient to support life. They were opposed to a vegetable diet from principle. It was fit only for children and people who were in their dotage. They demanded a new regimen.

At this stage of the proceedings a can of string-beans timidly inquired what practical steps the meeting proposed to take. This had the effect to throw the company into great excitement. The greatest clattering and confusion ensued, in the midst of which the can of peas, which had acted as chairman and had shown great signs of internal excitement as the meeting progressed, burst with a loud report and I awoke. One of the cans on the top of the pile nearest my head had fallen to the floor, but otherwise the aspect of the room remained unchanged.

ACHATES.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

THE Oil Creek and Alleghany oil wells turned out 12,335 barrels a day last month.

THE phosphate beds of South Carolina are being worked with great activity.

THE Horseshoe Falls at Niagara have receded six feet in the last year.

TWO-STORY cars, accommodating one hundred persons, are being tried in Germany.

THE sorghum crop throughout Minnesota is excellent. The frost did not injure it.

It is estimated that there will be 50,000 miles of completed railroad in this country by the end of 1870.

SINCE the termination of the war, over 200,000 natives of foreign countries have sought a home in the United States.

THE French Observatory has offered a premium of \$50 a year additional salary to any astronomer who may discover a new planet.

THE recent fight with Indians on the Plains was the most desperate that has ever taken place with the hostile tribes.

ACCOUNTS from North Carolina, say that the yield of cotton to the acre, has been decidedly better than that of last year.

It is asserted that this year's apple crop, is the largest Massachusetts has produced for many past seasons.

THE south side of the Island of Hawaii, is sinking. Some places have sunk six or seven feet. There are earthquakes and oscillations of the sea in that vicinity, with increased activity of volcanoes.

MANY English gentlemen living in the suburbs of London, disgusted with the extortions of the railway companies, have purchased velocipedes, and declare their independence of steam.

PATENT switch guards, by which it is considered impossible for a train to run off the track, on account of a misplaced switch, are being put in use by the Boston and Albany railroad.

THE planters of Bullock county, Ala., have resolved to keep out of market all cotton not necessary to meet their debts now due, and call upon other planters to do the same.

NOT satisfied with the rate of speed attained by their velocipedes, the French have invented a locomotive with four wheels, which is said to be safer, swifter and less fatiguing to the rider, than any road vehicle known.

THE Episcopal Convention at New York continued its sessions Thursday, and was addressed at length by the Bishop, who recommended a generous toleration of differences of opinion and practice, and opposed strenuously any attempt by the general convention to legislate ritualism out of the church.

THE greatest revolution that ever occurred in Spain has just taken place in that country. A provisional government has been established by the successful revolutionists, and the Bourbons, the reigning family, have been deposed, Queen Isabella fleeing to France for protection.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M. I., —, Ind.—Money received.

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

#### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 35. Business, Manufactures.

#### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system **COMPLEX MARRIAGE**, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continence.

#### ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

#### STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rats, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive list and price-list sent on application.

#### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

#### MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works): also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, New York.

#### MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE.

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets, and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,  
Wallingford, Conn.

#### PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Buildings, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 73 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. NOYES. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

Messrs. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.